

ENGAGED THROUGH PALMISTRY

Romantic Story of the Russell-Perugini Betrothal.

Mosina Vokes Still Ill in London—Other Stage News.

One of Miss Lillian Russell's nearest relatives has told the story of how the prima donna's engagement to the gallant Sir Giovanni Perugini was effected. The story is too good to be lost. Many a successful comic opera libretto has been built upon a less entertaining incident. It is, in fact, an illustration of a form of courtship which, after this publication, may become exceedingly popular. The story is the story of how the gallant Sir Giovanni Perugini was effected. The story is too good to be lost. Many a successful comic opera libretto has been built upon a less entertaining incident. It is, in fact, an illustration of a form of courtship which, after this publication, may become exceedingly popular.

That Lays the Largest Egg? Isn't that pretty?

Mrs. John Drew, in spite of her seventy-four years, is as active and energetic as a young girl. She would not think of retiring from the stage. She attends to all the details of her productions, and is absolutely indefatigable. Next week she appears in "The Jealous Wife," in which she considers that she has a very good part.

A very creditable book is the "Clippers Annual for 1894" that has just been issued. In it are some capital pictures of stage people, including Lillian Russell, Carolyn Miskel, Bessie Bonehill, Maggie Cline, Rose Coghlan, Salvini, Harrigan, Theresa Vaughn, Harriett Vernon and E. H. Sothern.

For the Tammany Relief Fund. An entertainment will be given at the Grand Opera House Sunday evening for the benefit of the relief fund of the Tammany Relief Fund. The proceeds are for the poor of this city. Addresses will be made by Col. John R. Feltz and Justice Thomas P. Gray. The following have volunteered: Peter F. Bailey, Alice Hoy, Marie Perugini, Miss O'Brien, Thomas A. Sullivan, David Lawrence, Daniel Sullivan, the Whistling Part, Peter F. Bailey, Master Harry Brown and other well-known and popular artists.

Coming Events. Saturday Play this evening, St. Bernard's Hall, Fourteenth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues. The eighth annual ball of the Harlem Wheelmen will be held this evening. The Old Guard Band, Madison avenue and Fifty-ninth street. Dramatic entertainment and reception of 26. The following have volunteered: Peter F. Bailey, Alice Hoy, Marie Perugini, Miss O'Brien, Thomas A. Sullivan, David Lawrence, Daniel Sullivan, the Whistling Part, Peter F. Bailey, Master Harry Brown and other well-known and popular artists.

1,200 MADE CHEERFUL.

Bloomingdale Bros.' Complimentary Entertainment to Their Employees.

Smiling faces were to be seen every where in the Lenox Lyceum last night, on the occasion of the first complimentary entertainment given by Bloomingdale Bros. to their employees. Every seat in the large hall was occupied, and 1,200 of the firm's saleswomen, salesmen, clerks and cashiers enjoyed the well-selected programme.

Miss Ella Brock gave recitations; August J. Granitz, tenor solo; Joseph Carles, violin solo; P. Maher, eccentric song and dance; Prof. Adrian Platte, feats of prestidigitation; Ralph Brown, piano solo; Miss Grace Milton, soprano solo; Maher and Brown, grotesque German specialty; Lulu Palmer, song and dance; and Miss Milton and Joseph Carles, duet. Prof. Granitz, the composer and virtuoso, acted as accompanist, and Prof. Zottterthill had charge of the music.

Among those in the boxes with their families were: J. B. E. and E. W. Bloomingdale, M. J. Kraus, Samuel Mayers, Joseph H. Mayers, S. S. Schwab, Mrs. Charles Bernhardt, H. A. Young, Mrs. E. Myers, Oscar Steel and P. Rosenber.

IN GEN. LEE'S MEMORY.

Fourth Annual Dinner of Confederate Veterans Camp of New York.

The Confederate Veterans Camp of New York will have its fourth annual dinner in honor of the memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee on the anniversary of his birthday, this evening, at Scottish Rite Hall, Col. John R. Feltz, Col. George B. McClellan, James Lindsay Gordon and Col. J. B. Williamson will respond to appropriate toasts.

TWO DAYS TO REGISTER.

Only Those Who Have Recently Moved Need Enroll Their Names.

Today and to-morrow are registration days for the special Congressional elections in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Congress Districts. Registration books will be open from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. each day. Those who registered at the last regular election need not register again unless they have changed residence since.

LOOK OUT!

For the engine when the whistle blows! In other words, don't fool with that cold when you begin to cough. It means mischief, maybe grippe or pneumonia. Folks do say though—that

Riker's Expectorant

is the only remedy that a cough or cold is really afraid of. Only 60 cents a bottle—and your money back if it fails to cure. Of your druggist, or at

RIKER'S, 6th Ave., Cor. 22d St.

THE PENSION GHOST.

An Unromantic Experience in a Little French Town.

We were on our way from Northern Germany to Paris, my wife and I.

The day's journey had proved so fatiguing that the thought of its continuance through the night was unbearable to us both, so we decided to stop at the next town, seek better conveniences for repose than our railway coach afforded and again pursue our journey in the morning.

"But where shall we stop?" asked my wife, for our travelled friends in language the usages of their European experience had left us the address of no lodging in this little town.

"Perhaps the guide-book will help us out," I suggested.

Somewhat to my surprise the guide-book mentioned our out-of-the-way town and named its dozen of hotels and pensions. One of the latter we chose.

It was still light when we reached the border of France and drew into our station.

Here there were several liveried men, with the names of their respective hotels, trotted across the fronts of their caps and throwing open the doors of their conveyances with great flourish of hospitality.

There were more uninvited men who thronged about us, each manifesting the utmost eagerness to relieve us of our luggage.

To one of these I surrendered our bags and gave him the address to which he should take them.

We had not far to follow him. He took us through a turn in the road and soon deposited our bags upon the threshold of our lodging.

Here we were heartily received by the proprietor of the pension, much, indeed, as if we were long-looked-for guests.

Madame wore an old black silk dress, which still bore the stamp of its Parisian origin. She carried a bunch of keys which she jingled as she talked.

Yes, Madame had rooms—two of them adjoining. She would show them to us.

Very modest-looking apartments they were that we were shown into, yet upon the subject of their faded paperings and unstable upholstery Madame was eloquent. I managed to understand the drift of her discourse, Madame's expressive gestures explaining much of her fluent French, but what was this about "les cheveux blonde, le clair de lune" and "le parfum des fleurs?"

"What does she say?" asked my wife.

"Oh, something about yellow hair and moonlight and flowers." I somewhat confusedly interpreted.

What could Madame mean? But that lady was now bowing herself away before her admiring audience and a small boy bearing our baggage entered and left it on the floor.

I looked at my wife.

"Evidently they mean us to have these rooms," I said.

My wife did not answer. Suddenly she began:

"Long ago a beautiful maiden occupied this chamber; and here her lover was in the habit of visiting her, bringing with him bouquets of heliotrope, the maiden's favorite flower. One day, as she rested upon a couch awaiting his arrival her lover stole in and presented her with a bouquet. As the maiden bent her head to inhale the fragrance, her false lover thrust a dagger in her neck and fled, pulling down her long hair over the wound."

"The room is said to be still the scene of the maiden's visitation."

In the course of our travels I had become used to my wife's random readings from the guide book.

She now looked up from the book.

"This room!" she explained with enthusiasm.

"She must have been a young woman of uncommonly bad taste to have occupied this room," I remarked.

"I should judge it to have been the cause of her death, but for the contrary evidence of history."

But the romantic tale in connection with our chamber must have excited my wife's imagination, for she sat upon the little lounge and gazed out on the gathering dusk until the moonlight began to cast faint shadows upon the lawn below.

"How delightful it would be to meet a ghost!" mused my wife.

I did not want to seem unsympathetic, so I stifled a yawn and, with all the interest I could summon, responded:

"Yes."

"If you should display such animation on meeting one, I'm sure the ghost would cut you immediately after the introduction."

With this rejoinder my wife took one of the candles I had lit and carried it to her room.

I was soon asleep.

In the night I woke and found my room flooded with moonlight. A ray from the moon had probably fallen upon my face and awakened me; that, or something else.

What?

I turned uneasily in my bed. My mind seemed possessed with a strange idea; some one was in the room.

I was conscious of a subtle fragrance permeating the air; it was the odor of heliotrope. I recalled the story of the guide-book and I instinctively turned my eyes to the couch by the window.

It was a woman!

A woman resting on the couch, the moonlight falling upon her white dress and on her long light hair that hung on the floor.

I tried to take my eyes from the strange sight, half-believing that if I did so it would fade away, and by an effort I managed to turn from it to the wall.

But I could not remain so. My eyes again sought the sight that had startled them; yes—still that moonlit mass of hair, still the white drapery trailing on the floor.

I had just nerve myself to rise when I sunk back again on my bed, for there was a movement upon the couch. The figure stood for a moment, as if in hesitation, and then softly and rapidly moved towards my wife's room.

I sprang up, though without a thought as to my proceedings.

With a curious revulsion of feeling I realized that I was not afraid!

I gazed in passive confusion at the figure entering my wife's room.

I seemed to be awaiting some climax. My mind struggled with an indefinable idea I had conceived. I waited in expectancy.

I kept my eyes upon the phantom all the time; it had now reached my wife's bed.

But my wife did not lie there.

The idea that had so feebly chained my thought, now seized me with conviction; my eyes at once travelled from the empty pillow to the figure beside the bed—none other than my wife!

As she turned to take her place among the covers, her eyes gazed straight ahead, but seemed to see nothing.

The truth flashed upon me, my wife was asleep. Leaving her quietly, I went back to my bed.

The next morning I stood by the little couch, the sun's rays mercilessly exposing every rip and threadbare spot.

How different do things appear in the daylight of common sense than in the moonlight of imagination.

My wife came in and I told her the story.

"I am certain, though," said I, when I had done, "that I distinctly smelled heliotrope in the room."

"So you did, undoubtedly, and shall again," said my wife, meaningly, as we left our rooms, followed by the man with our bags.

In the garden below was Madame watering her flowers. I smiled at my wife's knowledge, as my eye fell upon the bed of heliotrope, flourishing near the window of the room I had occupied.

The night dew had made their odor stronger and it was the flower I had smelled.

Half an hour later we had resumed our journey, my wife with a bit of heliotrope between the leaves of her guide-book.—Chicago News.

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Officers will be elected by the New York Section of the Socialist Labor party this evening.

First annual ball of the Street-Cleaners and Hearers Protective and Benevolent Union at Tammany Hall to-night.

Samuel Holt, Charles Ward and M. P. Lambert are the newly elected delegates of Carpenters Union No. 225 to the Tenth Trades Assembly. Under the auspices of Local Assembly 1542, St. Louis, a mass-meeting in favor of restricting immigration will be held at Cooper Institute this evening.

Some of Landover & Kaim's striking cigar-makers are starving. Their committee solicits contributions, which may be sent to 494 East 34th street.

Walter Danforth is to appear before the Trial Committee of the Musical Mutual Protective Union this afternoon in relation to the now celebrated case of the violinist Hepler.

To-morrow evening the Amalgamated Association of Clothing Cutters and Trimmers will have a reunion and ball at Tammany Hall to celebrate the final settlement of internal troubles in their trade.

Arrangements for a mass-meeting are being made by the officers of the United Carriage and Wagon Makers' Union. At yesterday's regular meeting the dues received amounted to \$24.10.

Halcyon Union No. 41 has elected George Ender, President; C. Bloch, Vice-President; J. F. Lork, Recording Secretary; E. Zechman, Corresponding Secretary; H. Krueger, Financial Secretary; R. Trench, Treasurer; George Werner, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Plumbers' Union, of Paterson, N. J., has recommended to Mayor Brain to appoint John Campbell one of its members who is an experienced sanitary plumber, on the Paterson Board of Health. The recommendation was endorsed by the Paterson Trades Assembly.

The officers elected by the New York Workingmen's State Trade Assembly yesterday are: John Phillips, President; William H. Bailey, Thomas Gilmore, Vice-Presidents; W. Brown, Secretary; J. H. Dullin, Treasurer; T. Gilmore, J. L. Walsh, J. H. Tullin, Legislative Committee; Delegates: Eason, McMahon, Grossinger, Scher and Dickerson, Executive Committee. They were installed by James P. Archibald.

Resolutions have been adopted by the Miscellaneous Section of the Central Labor Union denouncing certain public statements about the International Labor Exchange, 22 East Tenth street, and promising assistance to the management in preference to other similar establishments in this city. Next Sunday the Section will request the central body to call a conference of delegates from all existing organizations, with a view of settling all existing differences in the ranks of organized labor.

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Advt. in The World, week day or Sunday.

THE GREAT FIRE SALE

AT VOGEL'S BIG CLOTHING STORE,

49th St. & 3d Ave.,

IS STILL GOING ON.

Notwithstanding the great rush that we have had, we still have a very large stock to select from. Our garments are stylish and well got up. A good thing for every purchaser at present prices.



It's really surprising.

We haven't created any excitement about this sale. We haven't mentioned the word bargain once. We've simply said

"This is our annual sale of winter clothing," and our fitters are overworked fitting.

It appears to us possible that people have been waiting for this sale—but it's all right. If we don't carry anything over we're satisfied.

\$35 English Melton Overcoats are down to \$15.

\$25 English Melton Overcoats are down to \$10.

\$20 Lama Thibet Overcoats reduced from \$10 to \$8.

Genuine Irish Frieze Ulsters reduced to \$10. Some better ones, with the patent strap, \$15.

Soft, woolly \$15 Ulsters reduced to \$10. All lined with cassimere and hand-somely made.

E.O. THOMPSON

TAILOR, CLOTHIER AND IMPORTER,

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Between Park Place and Murray St.

Prices for Hard Times.

Ladies Extra Heavy Undercoats, Full Fashioned.

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A Unique Fiction Story, by FRANK R. STOCKTON.

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IN FOUR COLORS.

CANNIBALS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

Pursued and Punished by the British Man-of-War "Boomerang" for Eating Four American Sailors.

"A SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN."

A Review with Extracts from a Powerful New Novel Supposed to Be by the Author of "The Heavenly Twins."

EXPERT OPINIONS ON THE FIGHT.

More Than One Hundred Leading Sporting Men Tell Whether Corbett Will Win or Lose, and Give Reasons.

TO THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLE.

The Two Expeditions Which Will Invade the Frozen Wilds of the Arctic and Antarctic Seas This Year.

AFTER THE BIG GAME IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Percy Selous, the Famous Hunter, Describes How He Dropped Four Leopards, at Close Range.

READY FOR THE END OF THE WORLD.

Second Adventists Heaping the Altar with Watches and Jewels, Giving Away Their Property and Preparing for the Coming of Christ.

FILLED WITH FUN and HUMOR